

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



25 Cents

The front page of the Fort Meade Post, paper published for and by soldiers at Fort George G. Meade, Md., is made up by compositor Louis E. Setren, left, under the direction of Sgt. Jim Spry, center, editor, and Pvt. Ben Rathbun, Jr., right, member of the staff.

—Wide World Photo

JUNE, 1942

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A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

IT so happens that a considerable portion of this month's content is devoted to style. There's Joseph Landau's somewhat biting discourse on the fetters of style that so cramp a newspaper's presentation of news as to make it dull, drab and uninteresting.

Then, there's A. Gayle Waldrop's penetrating analysis of the style of one of the masters of the English language—Winston Churchill.

What you get out of these two articles is largely up to you—but those of us who work with words should always be on the alert to improve the tools of our trade—so that we may do our best with verbal projectiles and production, just as the fighting men at the front use their weapons.

And speaking of style, there's probably no American who can wield words better than F. D. R. There's another American, though, whom we feel to be mighty handy with the right word at the right time. That's none other than Gen. MacArthur.

There was, for example, that brief but eloquent statement when Corregidor fell:

"Corregidor needs no comment from me. It has sounded its own story at the mouth of its guns. It has scrolled its own epitaph on the enemy's tablets. But through the bloody haze of its last reverberating shot I shall always seem to see the vision of grim, gaunt, ghastly men still unafraid."

There's a sock in every word, every line, General. Particularly that "vision of grim, gaunt, ghastly men still unafraid."

Then there are those words of MacArthur's to be found on the wall of the great gymnasium at West Point:

"On the fields of friendly strife are sown the seeds which, in other years on other fields will bear the fruits of victory."

A handy man with weapons is MacArthur, also one who knows how to pick and choose and use his words.

BACK in the old home town, they used to say that misfortune traveled in threes. At least, there was a local tradition that if there was one fire alarm there would be three within the space of a short time.

Maybe that goes for typos—we dunno, but we sincerely hope so. We try to keep THE QUILL as free from typos and errors as possible, for we know the magazine goes to a monthly audience of more than 6,000 men trained to look for typos. If there ever was a critical audience, it should be THE QUILL's, where almost

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Rigid Rules of Writing Hold Newspapermen in Bondage—



Joseph Landau

Slaves to Style!

By JOSEPH LANDAU

lishers are extremely touchy in this field and have been known to froth at the mouth over any variation from the theme as set forth in the bible (style book to you).

Numerals are another item publishers are prissy about. The *Associated Press* has one style—all numbers from 1 to 10 are spelled out, others are set in numerals. It can be said safely that almost every paper has a different ruling about numerals, and on some, the news and sports departments don't use the same system.

SPELLING presents a fertile field to the stylists. Almost every style book bears the notation, "Spelling on The _____ follows the preferred list in Webster's New International Dictionary." Then comes a long string of exceptions.

There is reported to be a paper in Paducah, Ky., which has only one style in spelling—that the word must be spelled "whiskey." Everything else is catch-as-catch-can. And a paper down South is reported to care nothing about spelling, so long as Negro is lower-cased.

Titles give reporters and desk men a pain. Who is to be called "Mr." and who not, and in what stories, presents a problem that fringes upon the public relations of the press. If prominent banker Bud Whosis is arrested for rape, and is brought up in police court for examination, is he to be referred to as "Mr. Whosis," or just plain "Whosis," like the town drunk who was on the docket with him?

Capitalization has spread its threat so evenly among the papers of the country that one can find either extreme and all

shades in between. There is a paper in South Bend, Ind., which leans over backwards toward lower-case. With them it is "the White house," "the Democratic party," and "18th street." And in Louisville, there is a paper which leaned so far the other way toward capitalization that it looked like German, a language in which all nouns are capitalized. The compositors got so used to capitalizing words like "the Capital" in referring to the seat of the government that when you wrote about the capital a man invested in a business, then it also appeared spelled with a big C.

The ultimate in style, however, seems to belong to the Hearst papers of several years ago, when Marion Davies was a movie star. All others were merely actresses.

STYLE also governs other departments of the newspaper. The makeup of the paper feels its heavy hand most.

Whether cuts must have type all around them, or whether they may go into outside columns, or up against ads, is part of a paper's style. So is the placing of heads on cuts, whether they go under, as on the *New York Times*, or over, as on a thousand other papers.

Should cut-off rules be one line, or two? And does the front page have to be bare of short stories, or may it (or must it) carry shorter items? These are all matters pertaining to style.

Some papers regard continued stories as a necessary evil, and relegate the jump page to the rear of the paper. Others re-

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WHAT does "style" mean to the average newspapermen—boon or bondage? Joseph Landau, head of the copy-desk on the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal, inclines to the latter view in the accompanying frank discussion of city room style and style books.

He points out that style not only cramps the writing man, it also stultifies or standardizes makeup as well. While admitting there are some good reasons for rules, he piles up an impressive array of points against rigidity in writing—a slavish devotion to form instead of sparkling presentation of the news.

Mr. Landau started on the Courier-Journal as an office boy in August, 1929. He stayed on that job four years, doing some police reporting in his spare time. Then he was put on the dog-watch and moved onto the rim. During vacation periods he served as Sunday editor, movie reviewer and makeup editor. He became slot man and head of the C-J copy desk Feb. 1, 1940. In between times, he has managed to round out two years of work in economics and political science at the University of Louisville.

GRADUATION time is here once more. Soon many journalism school graduates will be entering into their first jobs, learning the horrors of style. To all concerned, style will prove a bona fide pain in the neck.

It is true that all persons in journalism school were introduced to style. But in college, the student was associated with a broad-minded style book that had a definite aim in life—the task of teaching students that such a thing as style exists.

In newspaper work, the graduated student will run across a style book of another sort, and any resemblances between the two are accidental.

STYLE in the newspaper world has been defined as a paper's efforts to be uniform. If there is any virtue in a parrot-like uniformity of expression, then there is nothing better suited for the purpose than a style book carrying an infernal must.

But too many publishers use the style book as a means of expressing their own individuality—or to be truthful, their eccentricity; and too many news editors and slot men fall back upon the style book as a whip with which to keep their men in line. Where these cases hold true, the paper suffers to a degree corresponding to the strictness with which the style book is followed.

Most colleges deal with style as it concerns the news and editorial end of the business. Actually, style transcends the news room, and stalks threateningly through the composing room, peeks boldly into the advertising department, and affects the work of the pressroom.

In news style, the chief emphasis is in laying down guides for spelling, punctuation, factual arrangements, and the use of numerals. For instance, the paper insists that a man be referred to as John Doe, 80 years old, rather than John Doe, 80, or 80-year-old John Doe. Many pub-

Editors Select Favorite Features

By WILLIAM M. MOORE

Lecturer, School of Journalism,
University of Wisconsin

WHICH comic strips do editors and publishers personally enjoy the most? Which do they think are the best columns for adults and for children? Which features do circulation managers consider most helpful in building and holding home circulation?

Answers to those questions were sought by the University of Wisconsin School of Journalism which recently queried the executives of all daily newspapers in the United States and Canada with a circulation above 15,000, of which there are about 500. Replies were received from 174 editors and publishers, and from 151 circulation managers, representing 42 American states and five provinces of Canada.

"BLONDIE" was found to be the favorite comic of the executives, being chosen as best for home circulation as well as the most enjoyable. Thirty-three per cent of the votes of publishers and editors were cast for this production of Chic Young. The votes were widely scattered for other comics, "L'il Abner," "Little Orphan Annie" and "Gasoline Alley" tying for next place, with eight per cent of the votes.

Among circulation managers, who based their choice on home circulation, "Blondie" received a somewhat smaller vote (29 per cent) but had a substantial lead over "Orphan Annie," second with 10 per cent. "L'il Abner" ranked third with seven per cent.

In explaining the success of "Blondie," R. F. Paine of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* wrote: "Funny, clean; just like your home and mine." Commenting somewhat more extensively, William A. Bromage of the *Providence Journal and Bulletin*, said:

"It is my belief that 'Blondie' owes its extreme popularity to the fact that the artist has given us true-to-life characters and situations, for which every reader knows a parallel. It is one of the few strips which carry a 'kick' each day."

OPINION about columns for adults was found to be sharply divided. Five columns—Westbrook Pegler, Raymond Clapper, Walter Lippmann, Washington Merry-Go-Round and Paul Mallon—led the field among publishers and editors, but the preference was not nearly so distinct as for comic strips. Pegler was first with 26 per cent, Clapper second with 19 per cent and Lippmann third with 14 per cent.

Circulation managers showed an interesting variation in their response in this division of the survey. They cast 26 per cent of their votes for local columns, which, in the aggregate, made up their



Prof. Frank Thayer, left, Prof. Grant M. Hyde, director of the School of Journalism at the University of Wisconsin, and Norris G. Davis, instructor in charge of the survey, check the final count in a poll of United States and Canadian newspapermen to determine their favorite features. Papers of more than 15,000 circulation were surveyed.

first choice as best for home circulation. Second came Washington Merry-Go-Round with 22 per cent. Pegler was not considered of outstanding value for home circulation, receiving only six per cent of the votes.

One editor praised Pegler as "the only hard-hitting journalist left in America." Another said he preferred Mallon's column "because it keeps awfully close to the news breaks."

George Grimes, managing editor of The Omaha *World-Herald*, is among those with praise for Raymond Clapper. "Clapper," he wrote, "is distinguished by reportorial skill, writing ability and unchallenged integrity. He successfully reports on significant affairs for the milkman in Omaha."

A Salt Lake City executive said, "Washington Merry-Go-Round is informative and, for that type of column, reasonably fair and unbiased." Adverse comments on some of the leading columns were received from a few correspondents. A St. Louis publisher wrote:

"Being largely irresponsible, Washington columnists can propagate sensational absurdities, such as 'Russian army will collapse in 30 days.' The printed product and the actual happening often bear little resemblance to each other, and deeper significance is frequently clouded or lost."

AMONG children's columns, "Uncle Ray's Corner" was the standout with executives of all types. Editors and publishers cast 57 per cent of their votes for this feature.

Interpreting in a special manner the words "column for children" in the question asked, 14 per cent of the publishers and editors chose Angelo Patri, whose column is intended more for the guidance of

parents than for the reading of children. "Burgess Bedtime Stories" ranked third with 13 per cent of the votes.

Circulation managers gave a brisk 46 per cent approval to "Uncle Ray's Corner" as the best children's column for home circulation. Uncle Ray received more votes than all local children's columns combined, and almost seven times as many votes as its nearest competitor among syndicated columns, "Burgess Bedtime Stories." Votes in smaller percentage were cast for "Uncle Wiggily" and "Peter Rabbit."

In explaining the success of "Uncle Ray's Corner," Alfred H. Kirchhofer, managing editor of the *Buffalo Evening News*, wrote:

"Uncle Ray knows and loves children. He knows what interests them. He has an inquiring mind and the art of a great teacher. He can tell his stories in a way they like to read and remember. It's education but also entertainment."

Louis Levand, publisher of the *Wichita Beacon* commented: "Uncle Ray devotes his entire energy and effort to his work, and lives in the life of the children. 'Uncle Ray's Corner' is the only children's column which is complete, and understandable by children. There is no substitute for this column."

The survey excited lively interest among newspaper executives, many of whom wrote lengthy letters to Grant Hyde, director of the Wisconsin School of Journalism, explaining their votes and asking for the detailed figures after completion of the survey.

A. Q. MILLER, Sr., publisher of the *Bellefonte (Kan.) Telescope*, has been elected president of the Salina, Kan., Chamber of Commerce.



This reproduction of a typical front page of the Camp Roberts Dispatch shows the very professional appearance of the paper.

UNCLE SAM'S mass-scale national defense program and an erupting old world have had many marked effects on journalism in the United States. They may have shoved murder and corruption off the nation's front pages and boosted newsprint costs and street sales but those items seem relatively unimportant when compared to a field of journalism revived after lying almost dormant for more than 20 years—the morale-building army camp newspapers.

As Army cantonments sprang up like proverbial mushrooms on isolated beaches, cow pastures and smoky edges of metropolitan centers, following closely behind were the camp papers. The ink was dry on an initial issue usually long before the final nail was driven and the mountains of debris cleared away in a new camp.

COVERING an Army camp of 20,000 or 30,000 population is not unlike experiences of a newspaper in a city that size. There are sports in every camp—hence a popular sports page can be found in most camp papers. Society notes creep in when Capt. Doolittle stages a party on or off the post for officers and their ladies.

Major social functions, such as large dances for the enlisted men, have their place in the paper and the entertainment world of the Army is always sure of a good spread—radio shows, all-soldier variety programs and stage and screen celebrities putting on a show in camp. The Army papers have their comics, their weekly columns, good picture coverage, features and spot news stories.

There are many news beats in an Army camp, even the police and fire department legs, although, for obvious reasons, the *Christian Science Monitor*'s plan of banning crime, corruption and violence is generally followed in Army papers.

Stories all come into one central desk in the public relations office where a mass of material is weeded out, copyread, headed up and dummed.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Covering an Army Cantonment

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By GENE GEAR

ONE such newspaper is the Camp Roberts *Dispatch*, which during its short lifetime has drawn words of praise from buck privates to generals and from mom and pop to congressional leaders.

Camp Roberts, a huge sprawling cantonment halfway between Los Angeles and San Francisco, was far from completion when 16,000 officers and men received the first issue of the *Dispatch* on May 16, 1941. Population of the camp since then has grown to almost 30,000.

A young newspaperman by training and experience, Lady Luck indeed was looking down on me when I was sent to Camp Roberts for 13 weeks of basic infantry training after having been caught in the

THIS article on Army camp newspapers in general and the Camp Roberts (Calif.) *Dispatch* in particular is another in The Quill's series on military journalism.

Gene Gear, a graduate of Stanford University in 1938 and a member of the Sigma Delta Chi chapter there, was a Corporal when this article was written. He subsequently was made a Sergeant and now is attending the Quartermasters Officers' Candidate School at Camp Lee, Va. Corp. Wayne Harbert, mentioned in the article, is at the Infantry Officers' Candidate School at Fort Benning, Ga.

Sgt. Gear worked on the Santa Paula (Calif.) *Chronicle* and the Bakersfield *Californian*, did correspondence for a number of newspapers and sold articles to *Time* and *Fortune* before entering the Armed Forces.



Gene Gear

A Corporal at Camp Roberts when this article was written.

draft in Bakersfield, Calif., on March 19. A raw rookie arriving in a yet unfinished camp to help pioneer the place, I had the good fortune to be transferred from the mud-tramping doughboy branch of the service into the camp public relations office where the major topic of the day was the formation of a camp newspaper.

I was boosted to a corporal and designated as editor of the yet unborn paper. Unique possibly at Camp Roberts was the policy of the public relations officer, Lieut. Charles W. Campbell, former Salt Lake Tribune reporter, in turning over operation of the camp paper entirely to enlisted personnel. The officer remains in a supervisory capacity.

TWO of us launched the *Dispatch*—a seven-column, eight-page, 20-inch deep sheet and nursed it through the ticklish period of infancy. My aid, a Hollywood riding instructor before the draft, served as a general reporter and as editor I wrote stories, read copy, pounded out heads, rewrote correspondent's noble but unpolished efforts, selected and captioned pictures and made up the pages.

Gradually, organization began to replace turmoil and a smooth-functioning staff replaced the skeleton crew that launched the paper. The *Dispatch* now boasts an editor; star reporter (Corp. Wayne Harbert, news editor of the Eugene *Register-Guard*, a University of Oregon Sigma Delta Chi, '39); a photographer (Pvt. Garry Grover, Minneapolis, Minn., photographer who invented the famous Grover portrait camera); assistant photographer; artist; a clerk, and approximately 125 soldier correspondents.

We have a setup at Camp Roberts that is ideal, one that makes the *Dispatch* our paper editorially but a civilian venture financially. We, therefore, can have a fine, big newspaper at Camp Roberts because there are no advertising restrictions.

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Michael Kennedy, left, and Edward Reynolds discuss an editorial problem pertaining to one of the Montana WPA Writers' Projects.

PROBABLY the most bandied letters in the alphabet today are the letters that stand for Works Projects Administration or WPA. When the letters are added to Writers' Project the term conjures something bordering on downright mysticism. Even few members of the writing profession and newspaper game actually know what it's all about.

In the first place, the term Writers' Project is a misnomer. In the minds of many it brings up the picture of long-haired Bohemians lolling around in silken robes, inhaling attar of roses, and going into a trance from which they may or may not come forth with a gem of literature—or radical propaganda. This is far from the truth. Work on a writers' project is actually more closely related to the newspaper field than to anything else.

The first thing we begin hammering into a new worker on the project is ACCURACY—capitalized and underlined. We keep asking: How do you know? Where did you get it from? Can you prove it? The effect on new workers who haven't had newspaper training is sometimes amusing. Some of them take our doubting as a personal affront to their integrity. Others feel somewhat abused because they think we don't trust them. But after we explain the reasons for it, all is forgiven and we can then safely get down to the business of turning out work.

The old newspaper slogan of "Get all the facts: Who, What, When, Where, and Why" holds good in a writers' project. The reason is that they are not writing in the literati sense of the word, but are doing a job of reporting.

This does not mean that good writing cannot come from a WPA Writers' Project anymore than the smug assumption that good writing can't be found in newspapers is true. It merely means that content—what the writer has to say—is, as it should be, of foremost importance, while good writing, although nevertheless important,

We've Been Working on the WPA—

By MICHAEL KENNEDY and EDWARD B. REYNOLDS

is in its proper place as a means of presentation.

THE Writers' Project was born along with other WPA projects in the depth of the depression. Its purpose was to find employment for white-collar workers qualified to do such writing tasks. Most of these workers had some newspaper experience, or the equivalent. The word "equivalent," however, was interpreted broadly enough so that creative writers and research workers were also given a place on the program. On the other hand, two of our workers, alone, had spent a total of more than half a century in newspaper work.

Then someone got the bright idea of producing guidebooks to the various cities, counties and states. Thousands of workers went out over the highways and byways of the country stirring up clouds of dust in cobwebbed courthouse storage rooms in their search of old records, and interviewing "oldest inhabitants" for more personal, first-hand information. The result was such that Ralph Thompson wrote in the *New York Times* Book Review:

"When we of this generation are all dust and ashes and forgotten, the American Guide Series will be still very much in evidence . . . one of the most valuable series of books ever issued in America . . . practical, beautiful, intelligent, and interesting."

Many prominent writers and critics waxed so enthusiastic that they termed the Guide Series the "rediscovering of America." Lewis Mumford wrote in the *New Republic*: ". . . the finest contribu-

tion to American patriotism that has been made in our time . . . future historians will turn to them as one who would know the classic world must still turn to Pausanias' ancient guidebook to Greece."

Even those who were antagonistic to WPA Writers' Projects and "such furballs" as they called them—and there were many of these because the arts projects were in the minority without the huge farm, labor and other blocs to protect them—were forced to concede that the idea "had worked." The people, whose skills have been preserved and who have been trained to resume their place in industry, know it has worked. Furthermore, it has enriched the literature and consequently the culture of the United States.

BUT enough of that. Let's see how it is done. Obviously, it's impossible to discuss the entire program averaging about 44 workers, who have worked or are working on just about that many titles, ranging from single booklets, radio scripts and school pamphlets to a score of good-sized books.

Let's take the latest book of the Montana WPA Writers' Project, "Land of Nakoda: A Story of the Assiniboine Indians," which came off the presses of State Publishing Company, Helena, Montana, in February, 1942. We'll start at the beginning and take you right through to the finished product.

The first step is the planning. Of course, this isn't an engineering job in which you sit down to a drafting table and blueprint every move to the *n*th degree. Some of it seems to come out of a hat and, like Topsy,

COUNTLESS hours of research, writing, editing and planning have gone into the many publications produced by the WPA Writers' Project—the American Guide Series alone being a monumental undertaking and most significant achievement and contribution.

In this article, Michael Kennedy and Edward B. Reynolds, who became members of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, at Montana State University, tell something of their experiences in running the Montana WPA Writers' Project for the last three years. Both are practical newspapermen with varied experience in both news writing and public relations.

Kennedy, state supervisor of the project, was graduated in 1933 and has been continuously in the field since then. Reynolds, Kennedy's assistant, returned to the university after a 10-year absence as sports editor of the *Anaconda (Mon.) Standard*, to receive the Sigma Delta Chi award as the outstanding graduate of the Class of 1940.



Pictured above are several of the publications produced by the Montana WPA Writers' Project: "Montana State Guide"; "Montana. A Profile in Pictures"; a vacation booklet; a "Humorous History," and "Land of Nakoda."

just grows. That's what happened to the book, "Land of Nakoda."

When you think of Montana you think of cowboys and Indians. Naturally when the part-blood Indian James Long (First Boy) became eligible for work on WPA, the Writers' Project thought: Why not let him gather Indian legends? He did, being industrious and hard-working, and soon there was an accumulation of grand material on the Assiniboine Indians in the office files.

These had been worked on somewhat sketchily as a school pamphlet series, but nothing had been definitely planned in the way of a book when the Montana WPA Writers' Project was organized to supersede the old Federal Writers' Project and Mike Kennedy took charge.

It was then that Frank Stevens, state supervisor of the Montana WPA Art Project, entered the picture with the remark that he had some Indian boys who were mighty fine painters—William Standing (Fire Bear) in particular. There was talk and more talk and out of it all came the idea: "Why not—for the first time—let the Indian, instead of the white man, write and illustrate his own story from his own point of view with a minimum of white direction?" And that's what happened.

LONG'S helter skelter notes, legends and stories then in the files were taken and arranged into sections into which they naturally fell. Eight parts developed: Tribal Legends, Tribal Life, Lodges, Food and Games, Hunting, Ceremonies and Societies, Medicine Men and Spirits, Coming of the White Men and Appendices. Here, then, was the book that told the "Who, Why, When and Where" of the Assiniboine Indians.

Long, on regular "city desk" assignments, was contacted to fill in the missing portions of the project, or as a newspaperman might call it, the dummy.

William Standing, the full-blood Assiniboine Indian artist produced by the Art Project was given the notes of his fellow tribesman, James Long, and was assigned to the job of illustrating them. He, like Long, was told of the necessity of ACCURACY—capitalized and underlined—and was told to search out every detail to make certain his work, too, was absolutely authentic.

Thus, Long might be said to have represented the legman and Standing the photographer on a newspaper assignment. They interviewed and reinterviewed the oldest members of the tribe (most of whom did not speak English) and checked their work back with these old ones so that the exact picture—in both word and drawing—was obtained.

These accounts go back firsthand to 1839, which was within the living memory of at least two tribe members at the time the book was begun. By 1839 the Assiniboine were firmly established as an American tribe, living throughout northeastern Montana and northwestern North Dakota. Prior to the early 1800's, in the memory of the oldest living Assiniboine, based on what he remembers from his oldest ancestor, who in turn was told the story by those "old ones far back," the tribe lived "in a land always covered with snow."

TO any newspaperman it is obvious that this exciting and colorful book could have been obtained only by a reporter. This was no job for a long-haired boy looking for "inspiration." It was a job for someone willing to dig and work for every little portion that would fit into the jigsaw puzzle. That critics who have seen the book call it a fine piece of literary work is something else again and purely incidental. The book's literary merit, if any, may be laid to craftsmanship. What we are interested in here is how the material

was obtained and how the book was created.

When Long finished his work, it was sent to the state office in Butte where an editor or rewrite man took it over to smooth out the rough spots and place it into form to fit the dummy of the book.

He had orders to keep in mind that the book was a story of Indians by Indians and not to let himself go so that it would end up as just another story of Indians by a white man—the rewrite man. It has always been our belief that it is just as important for a good editor to know when to keep his hands off something as when to get busy with his blue pencil.

After the rewrite man finished his work, we got the manuscript for the final polishing, editing, layout and the thousand-and-one other things necessary before a book goes into print. After that it was up to the publisher, with the two of us checking page proofs, of course. The big day came in February, 1942, when we got the first copy of the book from the State Publishing Company of Helena, Mont., and showed it to our friends, asking: "Here she is. What do you think of her?"

And no matter how many books you turn out (this is our fifth to be published), everyone of them is a "big day." There's no such thing as a father who gets so blasé through his ever increasing brood that he is finally able to relax and quit pacing the floor.

BUT all's not beer and skittles. The publication of "Land of Nakoda" marks the end of a phase of the Montana Writers' Project work—a phase interrupted by the Japs, who will have to give a personal accounting.

By the time this article is printed, the Writers' Projects, like all WPA, will have suspended "nonessential activities," and placed millions of words of historical and cultural manuscript material, field notes and records in the vaults of the State Historical Library and the Plains Indian Museum, and with a much reduced staff, gone entirely into war service publications, defense pamphlets, radio morale scripts, etc.—which is as it should be.

Nevertheless, we believe that these plans we had in peacetime were grand ones and that WPA's much-abused Writers' Project offered the only means of achieving them. We had hoped to bring out books on all the Indian tribes in seven Montana reservations, which would be just as colorful and interesting to read, and would be as great a contribution to the recorded history and culture of the United States as we believe "Land of Nakoda" to be.

We can't help becoming nostalgic as we think of the charm that could be woven into one of our proposed books, "First American Folk Tales: Children's Legends of the Indians." All authentic; all real. Ancient as the land itself. It could be the Hans Christian Anderson tales of America, selected from the best of the Assiniboine, Blackfoot, Crow, Gros Ventre, Flathead, and other tribes. And, then, there's a chuckle, too. We might even have done a satiric history of the white

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Ross B. Lehman

Editor of the Daily Collegian at Penn State College, Mr. Lehman tells in the accompanying article how college-trained newspapermen and women are filling the gaps in draft-depleted city rooms.

WITH many ace reporters suddenly called to fight for Uncle Sam, hard-bitten city editors have changed their attitude toward "college journalists," and have been opening their doors to them.

Last summer, when the nation's newspapers were caught napping by the draft legislation, I had a firsthand opportunity to discover how newspapers are gradually filling badly depleted ranks with college-trained men. Many newspapers throughout the nation hired college juniors majoring in journalism to fill in the gaps left by expert leg and desk men.

They'll be doing it again this summer.

THE Lancaster *New Era*, a typical Pennsylvania, small-city daily, attempted an experiment which is gaining impetus with skeleton staffs of draft-drained dailies.

The *New Era* sent a hurry-up call to the journalism department of Pennsylvania State College. It wanted a man, it said, who could cover court and city beats and substitute in sports occasionally. Prof. Franklin D. Banner, head of the department, recommended me.

Like other dailies, the *New Era* wanted a man who had a college background, bolstered by some newspaper knowledge. Since it could not procure an experienced man, it desired the next best thing, education without experience.

Hundreds of other college juniors, with the look of "cub reporter" stamped upon their faces, probably walked uncertainly, as I did, into offices similar to the *New Era* to replace temporarily the newspapermen who had been drafted.

WHEN the *New Era* editor, John H. Carter, called me into his office the day I arrived, he said, "Remember one thing. We make mistakes here, but never repeat them." This advice reflects the helpful

Draft-Drained City Rooms Reach Out Wanted: College-Trained Newspapermen—

By ROSS B. LEHMAN

attitude of veteran newspapermen. They expect journalistic greenhorns like myself to make mistakes of style and newspaper mechanics; they prefer errors of commission rather than omission.

Once in a while, the city editor would roar across several desks at my stupidity in placing the lead in the fourth or fifth paragraph, but that seldom happened. Writing leads for three years on the *Daily Collegian*, Penn State's student publication, and journalism copy desks had given me an idea of the value of the right slanting for the story, correct lead, and timeliness.

In preparing college students for newspaper work, professors are going long on practical instruction and short on theoretical material. Journalism professors are no longer teachers of English composition; they are former city editors, press association men, foreign correspondents, and in some cases, retired newspaper editors. Courses on court reporting, copy reading, libel, feature writing, and other practical subjects are taught.

TO illustrate how college training will build a basic foundation in reporting, although it won't teach one how to write, here is an amusing incident of how a scared cub reporter, on his first big assignment, can handle the story adequately if he is reinforced with the necessary training.

In the lull of one newsless summer afternoon, when veteran newsmen were scouring their Lancaster beats for routine news, I was carrying copy and hoping for my first chance to handle a "hot" story.

The phone on the city desk rang. The city editor answered.

"Lehman," he called.

I ambled up to his desk.

The city editor leaned back in his chair, looked up at me with a half-quizzical, half-humorous smile, and said, "Lehman, a mile out of town on the Ephrata pike, four persons were killed at a railroad crossing by the Harrisburg-Philadelphia Express. Take Eddie Sachs, the photographer, with you."

Blood surged to my head. Cold sweat broke into the palms of my hands and the back of my neck. I opened my mouth to ask him a score of incoherent questions.

"No time," the city editor grunted. "Get Eddie and get going."

I glanced hastily at the clock as I ran for the elevator. Two o'clock! One hour and a half to make the city edition and two hours to catch the deadline for the final pink-sheet edition.

WITH Sachs driving, I hurriedly scrambled notes on copy paper. I constructed a mythical accident in my mind. I asked myself questions. I answered them. And, in my haste, I broke the point of the copy



Three Daily Collegian staffers, Roy Barkley, Benjamin Bailey and Donald W. Davis, Jr., put the paper to bed. They and countless other collegians stand ready to help man newspaper staffs shorthanded because of the war.

Toward Campus With Welcome Words:

pencil and dug nervously into my pockets for the remaining pencil.

"What will I do when I get at the scene?" I worried. "Whom shall I see? What will I ask? Where will I start?"

Sachs interrupted my feverish calculations with a few brief instructions. He said that he would take the pictures, rush them back to town, and return immediately for me. We arrived at the crossing at 2:12 p. m.

As we got out of the car, about 25 minutes after the accident had occurred, I saw a cordon of wide-eyed spectators stretched along a half-mile length of the railroad track. The train had come to a stop approximately 2,500 feet after it had struck the car.

Pushing my way through a group of onlookers, I approached a State Highway patrolman, told him my mission, and he advised me to see his superior officer who was investigating the accident at the far end of the track where the train had halted.

As Sachs and I ran toward the head of the train, all my questions and formulated plans for covering the accident disappeared.

I sprinted the remainder of the distance to the train, hurriedly shoved my way through the crowd surrounding the engine, and spoke to the cluttered group of policemen, train crew, and doctors.

MY eyes took in the engine which locked the battered car in its grim iron arms; the still bodies of a father, mother, and their two children being placed carefully on stretchers and whisked into ambulances, the splintered railroad ties, chopped by the force of the collision.

As quickly as my confusion had appeared, so its disappeared as I barged into the small huddle of officials. I asked questions, questions which tumbled out almost automatically. My mind was now calmly,

coldly curious. I glanced hurriedly at my watch. It was 2:25. Little more than half-an-hour remained before I must call the city desk for the city edition.

Engineer, fireman, brakeman, policeman, doctor, spectator—all answered questions which wove a pattern of events preceding and following the accident. All told facts which demanded more facts.

"What are their names, their ages? Where do they live? How did it happen? When? Why?"

Time was flying. It was now 2:45.

They told me about the family of four—father, mother, and son and daughter—who were returning from a Sunday School picnic. Laughing gaily over some funny incident, the family had failed to see the sudden appearance of the train. The 75-mile-an-hour flier had killed them instantly.

I looked at my watch again. It was nearly 3:00 o'clock. I hurried to a nearby farmhouse and telephoned to the city desk. The city editor switched my call to a rewrite man. He wanted only facts; no time for descriptive material. That would come later. The rewrite man had little time.

"Cut your stuff short, Lehman," he ordered. "City deadline is here."

SHOVING the fistful of notes in my coat pocket, I went back to the train and found Sachs waiting for me. We started for Lancaster immediately.

It was a silent ride. As we speeded along the car-cluttered highway, I formed a new lead for the accident story in my mind and gathered the loose ends of my story together. Sachs concentrated on his dodging in and out of traffic.

When I entered the news room, the reporters had returned, and as I walked to my desk, the clatter of typewriters stopped.

"Hi, Scoop," the reporters yelled.



College men and women are trained to serve in the business office as well as the editorial room. These Penn State students are among 40 students with advertising layout and soliciting training.

But I was too engrossed with my story to enjoy the tribute.

My typewriter stuttered spasmodically, and I ripped out three sheets of copy paper before I found the correct lead. Then the facts arranged themselves into a story of accident, tragedy, and death.

At 3:45 p. m., I placed my story upon the city editor's desk for the pink edition.

AS I walked back to my desk, I lost my rigid concentration upon the accident, and the doubtful, uncertain mood of a cub reporter began to steal over me again. I dropped hesitantly into my chair as the grinning reporters came toward me.

Although I was emotionally unstable in this incident, I subconsciously drew upon the resources of my college training. Backed by hours of classroom rewrites, of copyreading stories submitted for the student newspaper, of hashing and rehashing proper leads, of meeting and interviewing campus and national leaders, I followed the correct line of reportorial action because I had been introduced and trained into this system.

Students in other colleges and universities are receiving the same training and the same experiences. And, particularly in these shorthanded times, city editors will be needing us.

They will be hanging this shingle on their office doors: "Wanted—College-Trained Newspapermen."

Superior work in high school journalism was recognized at the fifteenth annual session of the Georgia Scholastic Press Association held recently in Athens.

In the historic University of Georgia Chapel, Dean John E. Drewry of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism announced the winners in the various annual contests of the G.S.P.A., an organization of several hundred high school editors and their faculty advisers sponsored by the Grady School and the University chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalistic society.



Your present-day college-trained newspapermen and women have had many hours of reporting, copy-reading and other practical newspaper work. This copyreading class at Penn State handles press association wire copy.

"**H**IS nouns are pictures and his verbs work," Louis Fischer writes in his autobiography, "Men and Politics," about Winston Churchill.

"His prose style is very nearly unequalled in this generation," is the cautious appraisal of a *New Republic* writer.

"Churchill is the greatest master of the English language since the men who wrote the King James version of the Bible," Alexander Woolcott exclaims to a friend.

"While England Slept," one of Churchill's many books, provides substantial evidence of his qualities as a great writer. The addresses that make up the book were given by him as an independent member of the House of Commons, a position comparable in some respects to that of an editorial writer on a great independent newspaper.

WHAT are Churchill's style weapons and devices? The title of the book, "While England Slept,"* suggests his magnificent use of figures of speech.

He ranges through natural history and common experiences in his picture-making appeals, from the Biblical "locust years" to the homely "pulling their wagon out of the ditch." "Song more endures than stone," the visual image than the abstract warning.

Consider the strength of these "pictures":

Now that the hideous air war has cast the shadow of its wings over harassed civilization.

Our enormous Metropolis, the greatest target in the world, a kind of tremendous, fat, valuable cow tied up to attract the beast of prey.

When you are drifting down the stream of Niagara.

We are to persuade our friends to weaken themselves as much as possible, and then we are to make it up to them by our own exertions, and at our own expense. It is as if one said, I will go tiger-hunting with you, my friend, on the one condition that you leave your rifle at home.

What will happen to us if, when all else has been thrown to the wolves, we are left to face our fate alone?

After a boa constrictor has devoured its prey it often has a considerable digestive spell.

Appealing to man's own experiences are many metaphors and a few similes such as these:

The Navy, to quote Lord Fisher, was a dismal mystery surrounded by sea sickness.

Feeding the fires and hustling the Spanish people forward to the furnace.

To fix the day for another European war as if it were a prize fight.

Rubbing this sore of the Disarmament Conference until it has become a cancer.

*Quotations from "While England Slept; a survey of world affairs, 1932-1938," are used by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th St., New York City.

Winston Churchill —

We move like a slow-motion picture in all these matters.

It is an ambush into which, in spite of every warning, we have fallen.

Putting the locomotive back upon the rails or pulling their wagon out of the ditch.

All attempts to bridge a twelve-foot stream by an eight-foot plank are doomed to failure, and the plank is lost.

The birth-throes of the Air Raid Precautions Bill appear to have been severely protracted.

It is sometimes wise to allow natural processes to work, and crimes and follies to be paid in coin from their own mint.

I have watched this famous island descending incontinently, fecklessly, the stairway which leads to a dark gulf. It is a fine broad stairway at the beginning, but after a bit the carpet ends.

WINGED with alliteration, another favored weapon in the Churchill arsenal, are other figures:

Pouring petrol on the Spanish flame.

A pyramid of peace, which might be triangular or quadrangular.

Science . . . a shameful prisoner in the galleries of slaughter.

Abyssinia a curse, a corpse bound on the back of the killer.

We are entering upon a dark and dangerous valley through which we have to march.

But do not let us be a rabble flying from forces we dare not resist.

The blind alley of fatuity and frustration.

His alliteration has variety and emphasis. It runs in two's, three's, and four's: delicacy and difficulty; no solace, no solution; helplessness and hopelessness; specious suggestions; cheap cheer; forgiven and forgotten; deeply disturbed; guide and govern; confidence and conviction; wear our way; the passions or the panic; period of peril; rhetoric into reality; drifting and dawdling; He has directed and not only directed, dominated.

The course adopted has actually aggravated the position.

Confirm, correct or contradict me.

However severe may be the censure and however strident may be the abuse.

Why should the paralysis be paraded as phlegmatic composure?

Dwell upon defects and deficiencies.

Of a catastrophe carrying with it calamity and tribulation beyond the tongue of man to tell.

Tiny, timid, tentative, tardy increase.

Another potent weapon as Churchill made use of it is contrast:

All these bands of sturdy Teutonic youths . . . are not looking for status. They are looking for weapons.

Nobody keeps armaments going for fun. They keep them going for fear.

The master of sentimental words (MacDonald) and the master of rugged action (Mussolini).

He described Europe as a house inhabited by ghosts. . . . Europe is a house inhabited by fierce, strong living entities.

The Romans had a maxim, Shorten your weapons and lengthen your frontiers. But



By A. GAYLE W

our maxim seems to be, Diminish your weapons and increase your obligations.

The dictator Powers of Europe are striding on from strength to strength

YOU know, of course, that Winston Churchill is the greatest orator the world has known. But have you ever stopped to consider how it was in which he works so well with words?

If you haven't study with Prof. A. Gayle Waldrop at the University of Colorado, some of the devices that word-master Churchill employs in his own style may be, the results may amaze you.

Prof. Waldrop is a native Texan and a graduate of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, and the Columbia School of Journalism in 1922, working at Southern Methodist University before receiving his M.A. in economics at Columbia, working for the Associated Press.

A member of the Colorado faculty since 1930, Prof. Waldrop is another in the New York World, another in the New York Times. His hobbies are mountain climbing, skiing, and mountain recreation at Boulder, Colo., he has spoken to a half million people; guided thousands of tourists; had numerous photographs and articles published.

Churchill—Master of Words



Gayle Waldrop

and from stroke to stroke, and the Parliamentary democracies are re-treating abashed and confused.

Now the victors are the vanquished, and those who threw down

Winston Churchill is one of the most effective. But have you ever analyzed one of his best? How it was put together; studied his style, the with words?

A. Gayle Waldrop, of the College of Journalism some of the figures of speech and other style Churchill employs. No matter how good—or bad—this may aid you in your own work with words. He was editor of the college weekly at Brown, Texas, 1918-19. He was graduated from Brown in 1922, having sandwiched a year of teaching between two years in New York. He returned to Columbia in 1927, earning a living that year

Since 1922, he spent one summer on the New York bureau of Christian Science Monitor. Hiking, skiing and photography. As Director of Colorado, he has taken and circulated color movies thousands to Continental Divide peaks and has articles published.

their arms in the field and sued for an armistice are striding on to world mastery.

We are told that we must not interfere with the normal course of trade, that we must not alarm the easygoing voter and the public. How thin and paltry these arguments will sound if we are caught a year or two hence, fat, opulent, free-spoken—and defenseless.

The farthest I can go in altering my statement that his mission failed is to say that up to the present at any rate it has not succeeded.

So they go on in strange paradox, decided only to be undecided, resolved to be irresolute, adamant for drift, solid for fluidity, all powerful to be impotent.

THE device of repetition is conspicuous in the addresses, especially in connection with five subjects:

(1) "Redress of the grievances of the vanquished should precede the disarmament of the victors," a motto he used as frequently if not as effectively as another statesman did, "Carthage must be destroyed";

(2) "The only defense is an adequate air force," a theme he developed with variations each year from 1933 forward: not to have it is to compromise the foundations of national freedom and independence; the program for this year is hopelessly inadequate; an Air Force substantially stronger than that of Germany should be maintained at all costs;

(3) Business as usual: "If we cannot have adequate defense preparations without disturbing the economic and social life of the country then we must impinge upon the ordinary daily life and business"; "How can His Majesty's Government imagine they can meet and ward off the armed menace of nations already in full strain and overstrain merely by going along in the present comfortable manner?"

(4) The lack of a united front: Without it "all the nations of Europe will just be driven helter-skelter across the diplomatic chessboard until the limits of retreat are exhausted"; "the new policy of coming to terms with the totalitarian Powers may cause loss of many sources of moral and physical strength upon which we might rely"; and, after the rape of Austria in March, 1938:

Decided action by France and Great Britain would rally the whole of these five states (Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece and Turkey) as well as Czechoslovakia . . . who individually may be broken by defeat and despoiled, but who united, constitute an immense resisting power. . . . The Nazification of the whole of the Danube States is a danger of the first capital magnitude to the British Empire. Is all to go for nothing? Is all to be whistled down the wind? If so, we shall repent in blood and tears our improvidence and our lack of foresight and energy.

(5) "Rubbing this sore of the Disarmament Conference until it has become a cancer," against which he warned year after year:

But these conferences have focused the attention of the leading men in all nations upon the competitive aspects of armaments . . . intensified the suspicions and the anxieties of the nations.

The elaborate process of measuring swords around the table at Geneva . . . stirs all the deepest suspicions and anxieties of the various Powers.

The Disarmament Conference has brought us steadily nearer . . . to a pronounced state of ill-will than anything that could be imagined. First of all, you were met with a competition to disarm the other fellow, while safeguarding special military and naval interests. Then . . . the desire was to throw the blame of the inevitable breakdown on some other country or another.

DISARMAMENT is treated in a fable which opens the book, a fable which points a safe way to use the sharp weapons of satire and sarcasm. The animals at the zoo are having a conference. Horns, teeth, claws, and hugging were "honorable weapons of immense antiquity," each to one or more of the animals who "argued about their peaceful intentions" until "they began to look at one another in a very nasty way."

Similar in subject and equally strong was the modernizing of an old legend:

St. George would arrive in Cappadocia, accompanied not by a horse, but by a secretariat. He would be armed, not with a lance, but with several flexible formulas. He would, of course, be welcomed by the local branch of the League of Nations Union. He would propose a conference with the dragon—a Round Table conference, no doubt—that would be more convenient for the dragon's tail. He would make a trade agreement with the dragon. He would lend the dragon a lot of money for the Cappadocian taxpayers. The maiden's release would be referred to Geneva, the dragon reserving his rights meanwhile. Finally St. George would be photographed with the dragon (inset—the maiden).

And in like sharp vein is his re-telling of the story of the boy who was asked: Is your father a Christian?

The boy replied, Yes, sir, but he has not been doing much at it lately.

And these acid comments:

He has more than any other man the gift of compressing the largest number of words into the smallest amount of thought.

And indeed, all we have done for them as far as I can remember, is to put an embargo on their obtaining arms before they were attacked. Otherwise we have done nothing for them at all—except, of course, the speeches which have been made.

Churchill knows, too, the value of questions, asked singly or in series:

In the present temper of Europe can you ever expect that France would halve her air force and then reduce the residue by one-third? Would you advise her to do so? If she took your advice and did it, and then trouble occurred, would you

commit this country to stand by her side and make good the injury?

If we were to delay, if we were to go on waiting upon events for a considerable period, how much should we throw away of resources which are now available for our security and the maintenance of peace? How many friends would be alienated, how many potential allies should we see go, one by one, down the grisly gulf, how many times would bluff succeed, until behind bluff ever-gathering forces had accumulated reality? Where shall we be two years hence, for instance, when the German Army will certainly be much larger than the French Army, and when all the small nations will have fled from Geneva to pay homage to the ever-waxing power of the Nazi system, and to make the best terms they can for themselves?

HIS epigrams and maxims were good when he made them, are good now:

We can lay down the proposition that the Angel of Peace is unsub-
bile.

We cannot say, the past is past, without surrendering the future.

What is there ridiculous about collective security? The only thing that is ridiculous is that we have not got it.

You cannot be the saviors of Europe on a limited liability.

It is always an error in diplomacy to press a matter when it is quite clear that no further progress can be made.

There is safety in numbers, and I believe also that there may be peace in numbers.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that platitudes, smooth words, timid policies, offer today a path to safety.

Limited in number but with a cutting quality are Churchill's literary allusions, another style weapon:

We have got our modern Don



A. Gayle Waldrop

Quixote home again, with Sancho Panza at his tail.

As Macaulay said: There is a crassa ignorantia and a crassa negligentia on which the law animadverts in magistrates and surgeons, even when actual malice and corruption are not imputed.

A sentence of Carlyle's describes "the laughter of the hyena on being assured that, after all, the world is only carrion."

Where with a persistency which rivals the duration of the siege of Troy, the nations are pursuing the question of Disarmament.

But his editorial addresses to the House and the country are studded with allusions to history, with clear statements of the value of history, and a poignant appreciation of "the confirmed unteachability of mankind."

Not one of the lessons of the past has been learned, not one of them applied.

We cannot undo the past, but we are bound to pass it in review in order to draw from it such lessons as may be applicable to the future.

The use of recriminating about the past is to enforce effective action at the present.

When the situation was manageable it was neglected, and now that it is thoroughly out of hand we apply too late the remedies which then might have effected a cure. There is nothing new in the story. It is as old as the Sibylline Books. It falls into that long, dismal catalogue of the fruitlessness of experience and the confirmed unteachability of mankind. Want of foresight, unwillingness to act when action would be simple and effective, lack of clear thinking, confusion of counsel until the emergency comes, until self-preservation strikes its jarring gong—these are the features which constitute the endless repetitions of history.

HERE are examples of his use of history, history that he knew from his own experience, history he had read:

Let me remind the House of the sort of thing that happened in 1914.

I remember that we had a discussion in the War about unity of command, and that Mr. Lloyd George said, "It is not a question of one general being better than another, but of one general being better than two."

It was a cruel mortification to Lord Kitchener, in the first year of the War, when he found . . . that deliveries bore no relation to what had been counted upon.

No doubt it (MacDonald's visit) gave Signor Mussolini a great deal of pleasure; the same sort of pleasure that a thousand years ago was given to a Pope when an Emperor paid a visit to Canossa.

Because as journalists they wished to listen to "the greatest living master of our craft," American correspondents in London used regularly to attend the House every time Churchill spoke. H. R. Knickerbocker reports in his book, "Is the Future Hitler's?"

From the pages of Churchill's books American newspapermen may learn his mastery of words.

try itself, its culture won't amount to much in the debacle that would follow. Yet, when we've driven the Skibbies back to their holes and put the lid on top of them, when the war is over and if we're still alive (both of us will soon be called to the Army), we hope we can pick up these broken threads and try to knit them together again.

We believe in this work and we believe we have been doing something worth while and of lasting benefit to the country as a whole. Furthermore, our work has given us a faith in the common people of America that will be hard to shake.

So, feeling as we do, can you blame us if we feel that we have a personal score to settle with the Axis?

Working on the WPA

[Concluded from page 7]

man by the Indian. The reversal of the traditional process undoubtedly would be startling.

BESESIDES these Indian books we had many other titles that we were working on—22 book-length manuscripts, in fact—none of which competed with private industry or cut in on any one writer's field.

They were books that because of the exhaustive research involved could have been done only with the facilities of such an organization as the WPA. There is a 230,000-word grazing history and a three-

volume livestock history of Montana that specialists at Montana State College and the State University say would be invaluable to both students and practical stock-growers.

There are three-score school pamphlets, guides, "how" stories, seven more Indian books, historical material. We were working on such book titles as "Ghost Camps," "Gold and Grass," "Story of the Buffalo," "Rough Ridin'" and "High, Wide and Handsome," when the word came through to "retrench."

Nevertheless, if you don't save the coun-



Russell Roth

THE Minnesota Daily, student publication of the University of Minnesota, has more than 15,000 readers. That makes it the world's largest college newspaper. It is also a tabloid. And that makes it the world's largest college tabloid.

But the tabloid format is a fairly new thing at Minnesota. Not so long ago—a little more than 2 years to be exact—the *Daily* office was the scene of a raging controversy: Editor Charles Roberts had decided to change the appearance of the paper. Practically unsupported he was attempting to change it from a regular eight-column paper to a tabloid.

Roberts' idea was to make the paper more compact, more readable, to present the news in a more colorful, striking way. The *Daily* had been published twice a week in the tabloid size in the summer of 1938. The novelty—as it was at the time—was well received by the students then in attendance and proved successful. This, plus the fact that the *Daily Northwestern* in Roberts' home town of Evanston had turned out so well, decided him on the change.

FOR two weeks, therefore, the *Daily* was alternately published as a four and six page, eight-column paper and an eight and twelve page, five-column tabloid. At the end of this time, the readers were allowed to determine by ballot the *Daily's* future format. Friday, Nov. 10, 1939, the votes were cast. The tabloid was an easy victor with 4,231 supporters as against only 2,941 for the old-style paper.

But the victory only looked as though it had been easy. Roberts had fought against terrific odds to put his brainchild through. Last-minute speeches attacking the tabloid were made by prominent campus politicians. Groups of readers paraded with signs that screamed: "To hell with the Doily—we want our Daily back!" And, worst of all, the paper's edi-

Minnesota Daily's Experience Brings Thumbs Up on the Tab!

By RUSSELL ROTH

torial staff was against the change almost to a man.

The tabloid opponents' words all went for naught, however. The vote, although only about a third of the student body cast ballots, proved fairly conclusively that *Daily* readers wanted their reading served up in different style. Now it was up to the staff to give the readers what they wanted—which they promptly did.

A few things became painfully apparent during the first few weeks of the tabloid's life. Reporters found that their stories were too long, that their writing was not terse and concise enough. Copy desk men found that they had a freedom of makeup that they had never had in the old paper. The *Daily* business staff found that it had lost a choice bit of advertising space when the editorial page was placed at the back of the paper.

THROUGH careful experimentation, these growing pains soon began to be alleviated, however.

Reporters learned to develop the stories in a quicker, sharper manner. They learned to keep the ordinary run of news story down to three or four paragraphs whenever possible. They learned that long, all-inclusive features had no place in a tabloid. Instead, feature stories had to be short, punchy, relying on pictures, trick heads and attention-catching leads for most of their effect. But above all, reporters learned that writing for a tabloid consists of quickly but carefully cutting a story down to its main points without detracting from its veracity and vividness.

The copy desk men didn't have such a tough time. Their task was mainly to free their imaginations, to make use of the paper's pliable format. This they did, semi-departmentalizing the news—sports, inside three pages at back, official daily

bulletin of the University on page two, social news about the middle of the paper—shaking up the front page, and rearranging the editorial setup from day to day.

But the front page was the copy editor's pride and joy. Here he could literally do as he pleased; just so he kept the banner above the fold. Whole illustrated stories began to appear at the extreme top of page one, sharply-displayed features with heavy trick heads were frequently to be found at the bottom of the page to balance up the top, the banner was often squeezed to two and three columns.

Inside, the layout was just as interesting. Here were more trick heads with sparkling "kickers," more interestingly broken up pages. Here also were innumerable short two and three paragraph news stories: curt, yet informative, factual in body, yet many of them with fancy, almost feature-like heads and leads. It was a paper designed for quick reading, powerful presentation.

SINCE those first frantic days, the *Daily* has come to be recognized as one of the leaders in the college tabloid field. This metamorphosis from confusion to excellence came about only by hard work and untiring experimentation.

No longer do *Daily* editorial staffs have trouble with the tabloid technic; the majority of them have worked and received their training only on the tabloid. No longer is there discussion on the campus as to the merits of respective newspaper formats; the tabloid is now the accepted paper, easy to carry, easy to read. All this is the fruition of Editor Roberts' dream, the result of ceaseless effort on the part of succeeding editorial workers. This is the college tabloid at its best.

THE QUILL devotes comparatively few articles to campus journalism, believing that even college students, who soon will be seeking jobs in the off-campus publishing field, are more interested in material pertaining to the general publishing field and its various aspects.

The accompanying article, dealing as it does with the world's largest college newspaper and its change over to tabloid format, is one we believe to be of general as well as campus interest. Hence its inclusion in this issue.

Russell Roth, who tells the story, is a junior at the University of Minnesota where he is a columnist on the *Minnesota Daily*; as associate editor of *Ski-U-Mah*, campus humor magazine, and a member of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

Slaves to Style

gard jumps as an unmixed advantage, and make Page 2 the jump page. These are problems which the heads of the paper decide, and the underlings cling to, thus making style so arbitrary.

There is little argument among newspapermen as to the value of style when it pertains to the dress of the paper, or to its policy of presenting the news. But when it comes to the style as it affects the reporters and the copy readers, then there is lots of argument, both for and against.

In favor of style, we can say this:

It does make the paper uniform. It soothes the older readers of the papers—those valued subscribers who think they have a vested interest in the paper and who are ready to spring, pen in hand, to the criticism of any innovation in their favorite reading matter. A style book does serve as a guide to beginners, and holds them to the straight and narrow path while they learn that journalism is hard work, and not romance. And it pleases the publisher—thousands of words daily are governed by his own predilections as to the form they take.

ON the other hand, we must not overlook that style is innately restrictive. And in that way it leads to stultification and channelization of the men's minds, the most valuable asset any newspaper has. Its rules lend a sense of artificiality to the writing.

Theoretically, all of us come out of school well versed in the use of language. Actually, we are all pretty well indoctrinated with a set of rules and regulations of grammar, many of them based on no firmer foundation than that such was the idea of some professor in Boston.

After a while, we learn from experience that grammar is not set permanently, like concrete, but is rather oozy, like mud, and flows ever changing along the stream of time. We then come to realize that many of the precepts of good speech we were taught in school make no earthly difference to our being understood and our understanding of others—they are merely guidelines, not railroad tracks.

So it is with spelling and punctuation and arrangements of facts and numerals and the other trivia with which the average style book deals.

Newspapers are faced with a certain amount of pressure from their readers. Old fogies demand that the newspaper "preserve the English language," and avoid such shocking changes as simplification of spelling. They had always seen it spelled "programme," so there is no reason in their minds why it should be spelled the simpler way. Any headline writer could tell them in a few minutes why the shorter form is to be preferred, but, unfortunately, headline writers do not have a chance to deal with ancient readers.

THERE are some good arguments against any sudden change in our spelling. A blanket adoption of modern spell-

[Concluded from page 3]

ing conceivably would suddenly make unintelligible to the next generation the many older books.

We can read them because in our years of using words we have become aware of the gradual changing of words, and we mentally prepare ourselves for the shock of seeing old word forms in print.

But if we were to change overnight by fiat the spelling of the American language, there would come a time when the casual reader, never having been exposed to some of the old word forms, would be unable to grasp them when he met them in the older editions. And reprinting all the old books would be economically impossible.

A plea for strict uniformity in the columns of a newspaper can have little merit. It is a matter of no import. A reader who cannot recognize "cigaret" in one column as the same word that is spelled "cigarette" in an adjoining column ought not to be reading the newspaper anyway.

THE harm that style books do to the men who write on a newspaper is readily seen. In my few years as slot man, I have had to break in many men who came to us from papers that had rigid style rules.

When I told them we used the rule of common sense, they looked at me blankly. They had grown so used to depending on

a set of rules to guide their work that when they found a paper which was more interested in content than in form, they were utterly, totally lost. They were temporarily of no value whatever, because they were unable to think for themselves, and spent most of their time puzzling over copy and asking questions of procedure.

They had been taught to work by rules, rather than by dependency on the basic education we all are supposed to have acquired by the time we leave high school.

In the long run, style is so artificial that in most cases it can be eliminated without detriment to the paper. What matters is whether the word be spelled adviser, or advisor? Whether a comma be inserted before the "and" in a sequence? Whether a man and his wife be referred to as General and Mrs. Smith, or General Smith and Mrs. Smith? The ultimate consideration must always be, will the reader understand it?

A newspaper is an instrument dealing with the most perishable commodity in the world—new news. It is not the duty of a daily to preserve the language. It is not part of its functions to set a stylistic gauge for the world, nor to serve as an example of a good literary style.

Primarily, a paper functions to provide news and opinions to its readers—the more of both the better. A paper honestly trying to purvey the maximum of both of these hasn't the time to carry the torch for odd spellings and phraseology.

It would be well for some papers to remember this.

Covering a Cantonment

[Continued from page 5]

tions that would be imposed by Army regulations if the paper was put out entirely by military personnel.

In fact, we soldiers supply the civilian publishers with press releases, similar to those we as Public Relations men, send out to metropolitan and home-town newspapers. The "releases," of course, are in much greater volume and are sent out of camp across my desk complete with banners, heads, sub-heads and copy reading and include soldier-drawn cartoons, pictures complete with captions and page dummies.

THE Paso Robles (Calif.) Press, a weekly newspaper plant 13 miles from camp, publishes the Dispatch and an advertising man has taken over the full-time job of publisher. He sells local and national advertising and worries about making both ends meet and snaring a nice profit.

In return for copy the Army furnishes him, the publisher rolls 10,000 copies of the Dispatch off the flat-bed press every Thursday night and presents Camp Roberts with 9,000 free copies for free distribution to officers and men every Friday morning. The papers are distributed so that every man will be able to see the

paper. The remaining 1,000 copies go on the mailing list to advertisers, civilian subscribers, Army posts and officials throughout the country and some are sold at the post exchanges wrapped ready for mailing to the folks at home.

We have set up a "country correspondent" system similar to that used by a paper with a county-wide circulation. We have more than 100 correspondents in the various outfits throughout the cantonment. Each company and battery has a man serving as a reporter. After a weary day of training in the field, on his own time he writes up spot news, features, humorous incidents and sports yarns and sends them through his publicity officer to the Public Relations office where it falls into my hands. If the story warrants release to outside papers and press services, it is checked, rewritten and sent out.

ARMY camp papers in the United States today fall into four classes: (1) the type that has a professional journalistic air—a smaller edition of a metropolitan or home-town newspaper; (2) the college paper type, usually of tabloid size and efforts made to departmentalize news; (3) the high school paper type, tabloid size

[Concluded on page 19]

• THE BOOK BEAT •

France in Ferment

DEADLINE, the Behind-the-Scenes Story of the Last Decade in France, by Pierre Lazareff. 369 pp. Random House, 20 E. 57th St., New York. \$3.

This isn't a pretty story that Pierre Lazareff, former editor of the *Paris-Soir*, has to tell—but it is a story that demanded to be told so that those of the present as well as those who are to come after may have some idea of the events that led to the fall of France and her bondage by Nazi Germany.

It is the story of a house divided against itself—with numerous factions each pulling in opposite directions for whatever selfish benefit might be derived. It is the story of a people and a nation betrayed—betrayed by its press, by its leaders, by Fifth Columnists both paid and unpaid.

That the French press, for the most part, had been venal has been no secret for years. You bought its support just as you would buy any commodity. Papers were paid from "secret funds" of foreign governments, although these payments for support of certain policies appeared to be for advertising or publicity.

When Jean Prouvost, publisher of *Paris-Soir* and other publications, refused subsidies, Lazareff reports, "he was looked upon—in political and business circles—as a strong man and a dangerous one. No one could believe that the director of a newspaper could be guilty of plain, unadulterated honesty."

In describing the way in which German agents operated in France, chiefly under the direction of Otto Abetz, who professed to love France, Lazareff comments: "Of all the men who were, in effect, Otto Abetz's accomplices, not one in a thousand was an agent paid to sell out his country; most of them, in fact, allowed themselves to be persuaded that they were acting in the best interests of France."

"Russian propaganda," he adds, "was as well organized as the German. Seventy-two Communist Deputies received their orders from Moscow. Moscow owned two big newspapers in Paris—a morning and an evening paper—not to mention eight magazines and literally thousands of house organs in factories."

But it is the attitude of French organizations and Frenchmen themselves that is so amazing and distressing, as revealed by Lazareff. The secret policy of *L'Action Française*—made up of Army officers, higher officials and young intellectuals—he describes as being: "They preferred the prospect of France reduced to virtual slavery—either as the result of Hitler's domination over Europe, or of a military defeat—to a continuation of a democratic regime."

As to the financial interests, he says, "The financial oligarchies—in London as well as Paris—unsparingly supported the policy of surrender to Hitler."

THE QUILL for June, 1942

Book Bulletins

IVE COME A LONG WAY, by Helena Kuo. 369 pp. D. Appleton-Century Co., 35 West 32nd St., New York. \$3.

A charming, intimate biography of a Chinese girl, tracing her development from the time she leaves her sheltered home life to become a student; then newspaper work in Shanghai; flight from the Japanese invaders; then England and, eventually, the United States, where she is now.

★

THE FOE WE FACE, by Pierre J. Huss. 300 pp. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 14 West 49th St., New York. \$3.

Here are revealing closeups of Adolf Hitler and the other Nazi leaders, written by a man who for eight years was head of the Berlin bureau of *International News Service*, and, as such, came to know the Nazi gang well. A week before he left Germany he had his final interview with Hitler and this forms the final chapter of the book. Goebbels, Goering, Hess, Ribbentrop and the rest of their ilk share the spotlight of Huss' illuminating pen.

★

WAR HAS SEVEN FACES, by Frank Gervasi. 296 pp. Doubleday, Doran & Co., 14 West 49th St., New York. \$2.50.

This is the report, of a nine-month, 36,000-mile journey made by Frank Gervasi, associate editor and widely followed foreign correspondent of *Collier's*, to interview diplomats, workers, soldiers and generals; to find out why people were fighting and how. The result, as he puts it, is a report of what he's "seen, felt, smelled for nine months." He suggests that perhaps the battle is not merely a struggle against Hitler and Hirohito, but one against ultra-conservatives on all fronts. Perhaps, he adds, we must prevent the Axis from winning the war and the Tories of all nations, our own included, from winning the peace.

★

RAMPARTS OF THE PACIFIC, by Hallet Abend. 332 pp. Doubleday, Doran & Co., 14 West 49th St., New York, N. Y. \$3.50.

There have been many books on the Far East before and since the Japanese struck so treacherously at Pearl Harbor. None has been more revealing, more penetrating, than this, written by Hallet Abend, for many years Far Eastern Correspondent for the *New York Times*. Shortly before Pearl Harbor, he had made a giant swing by plane and ship around the Southern Pacific area. This trip, with its observations and interviews, plus his years of experience in the area, enabled him to produce this important book.

The Right pulled against the Left, the Left against the Right, and both against the Center. Parties and groups were divided among themselves. Meanwhile, the military placed its faith in the Maginot line, had few planes and was not interested in tanks.

The whole sad, story makes one reflect upon the way things were going in America before Pearl Harbor—with the Lindberghs, the Wheelers and the Nyes preaching isolation or worse; with business damning the New Deal and the New Dealers distrusting business; with Coughlin's *Social Justice* and a host of other publications fanning hatred and suspicion; with Nazi agents working their utmost to stir up racial and social unrest; with capital and labor at each other's throats.

The pattern America was following re-

sembles all too much the pattern that prevailed in France before its fall. We paid a heavy price at Pearl Harbor for our awakening and unity—but, heavy as it was, a mere pittance to the price that France has paid and is paying.

Gotham Galaxy

1001 AFTERNOONS IN NEW YORK, by Ben Hecht. 370 pp. The Viking Press, 18 East 48th St., New York. \$3.

Some 20 years ago, Ben Hecht wrote "1001 Afternoons in Chicago." It was, and is, one of our favorites volumes, consisting as it does of several score sketches of life in a big city; sketches that might be expanded into short stories, novelettes or book length pieces were one to follow their subjects at greater length.

Now he does the same thing for New York, the book being a compilation of 87 of the sketches he has written for the newspaper-magazine, *PM*.

You wander with Hecht here and there about the great metropolis, into byways and byways one minute, into the bright lights and gay night spots the next. You watch bums drinking "smoke" in one sketch; wander into a pet shop the next; meet a lot of folks who did or didn't matter much to the city in which they lived and died.

There is Gregory, the student, who gets a part of his support from a beggar; the bull line on the waterfront; Boris Gordon, the "bewitched tailor"—a host of characters from every walk of life in the metropolitan maze that is New York.

Share with Ben Hecht his wanderings about the city—learn through him how to open your eyes to the comedies and tragedies being played about you on all sides as you walk the streets of your town, for, whether you be in New York or the crossroads of a mid-western village, the stories are there.

Books in Brief

It was before war had broken out between Britain and Germany, but for some unexplained reason H.M. ships were blowing up after leaving the Portsmouth dockyard. Tommy Hambleton, practical police officer for many years and, more recently, an espionage agent *par excellence* for Britain in Germany, is sent to unravel the mystery. He does that, solving along the way several murders, in "They Tell No Tales," an exciting yarn spun by Manning Coles, author of "Drink to Yesterday" and "A Toast to Tomorrow." It's a Crime Club selection, published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. at \$2.

Cecil Brown, winner of Sigma Delta Chi's 1941 Distinguished Service Medal for radio reporting, has contracted to write a volume on his war experiences for Random House. Brown, CBS reporter in Singapore and other points, turned in one of the outstanding stories of the war to date concerning his experiences aboard the *Repulse* on her fatal foray along the Malayan coast.

SERVING UNCLE SAM

SERGT. WAYNE A. MILLER (Grinnell '42) has been transferred from the Lubbock Army Flying School, Lubbock, Texas, to the Air Corps Officers' Candidate School at Miami, Fla. Sgt. Miller enlisted at Lubbock in January, 1942. While at Grinnell he was business manager of the *Grinnell Scarlet and Black*, president of the Town Men's Association and a member of Sigma Delta Chi. At the time of his induction into the Army, he was an advertising copy writer for *Better Homes & Gardens*.

DONALD D. WISEMAN, a graduate of the Ohio State University School of Journalism and a member of SDX at OSU, is assigned to the Military Intelligence office at Baer Field, Fort Wayne, Ind. He enlisted in the Air Corps last January. Before enlisting, Wiseman worked on the *Zanesville (O.) News*, his home-town paper.

SERGT. FRANKLIN BRIDGE, a graduate of the Indiana University School of Journalism and member of SDX there, is attending an officers' training school. He formerly was attached to the public relations and military intelligence office at Baer Field, Fort Wayne, Ind.

JOSEPH P. DOLAN, former sports editor of the *Purdue Exponent*, enlisted in the Marine Corps before his graduation in June, 1941, and was called to duty in February, 1942. In the interim he worked for the Fairfield Manufacturing Co., Lafayette, Ind. He was sent to the officers' candidates school at Quantico, and received a commission as second lieutenant last April. While attending training school he edited the *Swab* and since receiving his commission has been named assistant editor of the *Gold Bar*, bi-weekly of the reserve officers class.

MILLER HOLLAND, for the past seven years Pacific division news manager for *United Press*, recently was called to active service as a Captain in the Army. He had been a reserve officer for some years. Holland is widely known in west coast journalism. Prior to joining the *UP*, he had served on the *San Francisco News*, the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin* and with *International News Service*. He is a graduate of the University of California, Class of '23, a member of Sigma Delta Chi. He was chairman of the dinner committee and a member of the finance committee for SDX's memorable Pacific Coast convention in 1939.

E. S. (STAN) HEALY (Montana '41) is putting his journalistic training to good use at Sheppard Field, Wichita Falls, Texas, where he is a private attached to the classifications office.

BURTON L. HOTALING, one of the Department of Journalism at Tulane University, New Orleans, has been commissioned a lieutenant, j.g., in the U. S. Naval Reserve. Prior to becoming a teacher, Lieut. Hotaling served on the *Springfield (Mass.) Daily News*; the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican* and *Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript-Telegram*.

PVT. TOM KENNETH DOWNEY (Missouri '36), a member of the *El Dorado (Kan.) Times* from the time of his graduation from the University of Missouri until his

induction into the Army, has been assigned to the publicity section at 6th Division Headquarters, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

HERSCHEL H. HUTSINPILLER, a journalism graduate at the University of Minnesota in 1939, has demonstrated how a buck private may work his way up in Uncle Sam's Army. He was working on the *Willmar (Minn.) Daily Tribune* when he enlisted in the Army at Fort Lewis, Wash., March 8, 1941. Assigned to the motorized armored division, he was made a corporal, then a sergeant and subsequently admitted to the Armored Force Officers' Candidate School, Fort Knox, Ky. Graduated Jan. 8, 1942, he was com-

sioned a second lieutenant and assigned to the motor branch. He may be addressed at Headquarters Co., 2nd Bn, Sixth Armored Infantry, A.P.O. 251 c/o Postmaster, New York City.

PVTS. CLYDE M. WALKER (Oregon State '40) and **PARKER R. LEDBETTER** (Oklahoma '40) have been assigned to the public relations office at Camp Roberts, Calif., and are working on the *Camp Roberts Dispatch*. Before entering the Army, Walker was news editor for the *Pendleton (Ore.) East Oregonian* and Ledbetter wrote promotion in the sales development department of the *Newspaper Printing Corp.*, agent for the *Tulsa (Okla.) World* and *Tulsa Tribune*.

Five Atlanta Newsmen Inducted by SDX at Emory



Five prominent Atlanta newsmen were initiated as professional members of Sigma Delta Chi by the Emory University Chapter late in May. Following the initiation a banquet was held, celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the introduction of journalism into the curriculum at Emory. From left to right, standing, are the initiates: Fred D. Moon, city editor, *Atlanta Journal*; Doug Edwards, assistant news editor, *WSB*; William J. Good, southeastern division manager, *INS*; William S. Howland, manager Atlanta bureau, *Time* and *Life* magazines; William G. Key, newly appointed city editor, *Atlanta Constitution*. Seated, from left to right, are: Dr. Raymond B. Nixon, chairman of the Emory Department of Journalism; Dr. W. F. Melton, who taught the first journalism course at Emory in 1912; Roy Emmet, Jr., retiring president of the Emory chapter; and Maj. Meigs O. Frost, public relations officer for the southeastern recruiting division of the United States Marines, who was the principal speaker.

Iowa State SDX Hosts to Visitor From Harvard



Dr. Carl Friedrich, of the Government Department at Harvard University, center, was given a special luncheon by the Iowa State chapter of Sigma Delta Chi after he had discussed: "After Hitler, What?" on the college lecture series. Prof. Charles E. Rogers, head of the Department of Technical Journalism at Iowa State, is at the right; Edward Sheridan, president of the Iowa State SDX chapter, at the left.

WHO · WHAT · WHERE

GENE L. COOPER (Southern Methodist Professional), who handles public relations for a group of chain store companies throughout the states west of the Mississippi from his offices in the First National Building, Oklahoma City, Okla., is the new president of the Oklahoma City Advertising Club.

MAJ. RALPH D. HENDERSON, business manager of the Columbus (O.) Citizen, was inducted into Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalism fraternity, recently by the Ohio State University chapter. More than 50 professional and undergraduate members of the fraternity attended the ceremonies. Louis B. Seltzer, editor of the Cleveland (O.) Press, who was to have been inducted at the same time, was unable to get to Columbus. Undergraduates initiated with Maj. Henderson were: MATHEW McCORMICK, Niles; AARON E. LONEY, Mt. Vernon; DOUGLAS M. BERWICK, Columbus; JAY G. GEISEL, Elyria; GLENN A. SONNEDECKER, Creston; ROBERT J. DODGE, Put-in-Bay; DONALD N. HAWK, Hamilton; GORDON B. MASON, Masury; and ROLAND A. POWELL, Ridgway, Pa.

HENRY FRANCIS MISSELWITZ, foreign correspondent in the Orient for many years and later a Washington correspondent, scenario writer and syndicated columnist, has signed a contract for a new book, fiction this time, "Shanghai Romance," with Harbinger House. Mr. Misselwitz, who now makes his headquarters in Beverly Hills, Calif., is the author of "The Dragon Stirs," outstanding work on the awakening of China.

EARL O. EWAN (De Pauw '22) has been named assistant to the president, in charge of public relations, for the Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., of Kearny, N. J. He went to his new post from the public relations department of the Johns-Manville Corp., New York. He formerly was a member of the editorial staffs of the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal and other New York dailies.

GRANT PARR, a journalism graduate of the University of Nebraska and a member of the Nebraska chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, is co-author of "War Meets Peace in Egypt," which appeared in the April issue of the National Geographic. Parr is an instructor in journalism at the University of Cairo, assistant to Joseph M. Levy, Near East correspondent for the New

Going Into Training?

Wherever you go, whatever you do, The QUILL will follow you—IF you keep the circulation department informed.

If you are going into military training for Uncle Sam, changing jobs, moving to the next state or street, make sure you promptly notify—

The QUILL

35 East Wacker Drive Chicago, Ill.

THE QUILL for June, 1942

New Missouri Dean



Dr. Frank Luther Mott

Dr. Mott, head of the School of Journalism at the University of Iowa since 1927, on Aug. 1 will take up new duties as Dean of the Faculty of the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, Columbia.

Dr. Mott, 56 years old, is a member of the Executive Council of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity; past president of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism; past president of Kappa Tau Alpha, journalism honorary society.

He is the author of several books, including the monumental history of American magazines, which brought him the Pulitzer Prize and Sigma Delta Chi's research award, and his subsequent "American Journalism," another distinguished contribution to history and journalism.

Dr. Mott takes the vacancy created at the University of Missouri by the death of Frank L. Martin.

Born in Keokuk County, Iowa, Dr. Mott attended Simpson College at Indianola, Pa. He obtained his Ph.B. degree at the University of Chicago in 1907. He received his M.A. degree at Columbia in 1919 and his Ph.D. there in 1928.

Before becoming an instructor at the Marquand School for Boys at Brooklyn in 1918, he edited newspapers at Marengo and Grand Junction, Ia.

York Times, and Cairo newscaster for NBC.

WARREN L. JONES (Georgia '41) has been added to the staff of the University of Georgia Alumni Office to assist with the public relations work, now under the direction of William Crane, Alumni Secretary. Jones will continue his part-time instructional work in the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism.

Marquette Inducts 10

Recognition by the Marquette University chapter for contributions in the field of journalism was given three Wisconsin men recently by election to Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

Those elected for professional membership in the group were: FRED L. HOLMES, Wisconsin author and historian; WILLIAM A. NORRIS, of the Milwaukee Sentinel, and FRANCIS V. FRUGGER, publications advisor at Boys' Technical Trades High School. They, with seven undergraduate pledges, were initiated Sunday, March 29, at the Hotel Medford.

At the annual spring initiation banquet following the ceremonies, JOHN G. BAKER, executive news editor of the Milwaukee Journal, told how the large city daily newspaper meets the problems of censorship. Alumni members, representing all journalistic fields, were guests of honor.

The seven undergraduates included: CHARLES JOHNSON, staff writer and assistant publicity director for the Radio Workshop; DONALD GRAHAM, Tribune radio columnist and Workshop writer; EDWARD DORRITY, Workshop writer; PAUL DE CHANT, EUGENE KUJAWSKI, EUGENE BRAUER, and BILL KENNEY, Marquette campus correspondent of the Milwaukee Journal. All except Kenney are Tribune reporters.

HARRY E. SHUBART (Colorado '30) has left his position in the public relations department of the University of Chicago to join the Army.



It's New!

Members of Sigma Delta Chi may now obtain the new handsome ring illustrated below, in gold or sterling with plain, enameled or onyx top.



For prices, write to Sigma Delta Chi, 35 East Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill., or to the fraternity's official jeweler—

L. G. BALFOUR CO.
ATTLEBORO MASS.

AS WE VIEW IT

An Eye for An Eye

GREATLY concerned for the safety of J. B. Powell, whom he terms "one of the greatest of American newsmen in Asia," and that of Victor Keen, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, both in Shanghai, James R. Young, former Far Eastern correspondent for *International News Service*, is carrying on a spirited personal campaign in their behalf.

The best way to assure their receiving decent treatment and perhaps future exchange, contends popular Jimmy, now lecturing in Army camps and elsewhere, throughout the United States, is to convince the Japs that Nipponese newsmen in this country will get exactly the same kind of treatment instead of being coddled, as they are at present.

Jimmy Young ought to know something about the treatment American newsmen get at the hands of the Dishonorable Japs. He was their prisoner for some 60 days, had plenty of sessions with their so-called "thought police," and otherwise experienced the hospitality of the Jap military.

"*THE China Weekly Review*," Young writes to *THE QUILL*, "was Powell's publication. For years the magazine carried complete reports, editorials and exposés on Japanese affairs in China. No other magazine or newspaper in Asia was more complete in revealing in recent years, Japan's atrocities, kidnapings, murders, opium peddling, puppet purchases, gangsterism and political meddling paralleling a vicious military campaign.

"If for no other reason, the Japanese invaded Shanghai to remove the man who dared to write the truths of Japan's deceitfulness and duplicity; of Japan's double-crossing Axis backstabbers and cross-eyed diplomats with their two points of view, who for the last two and three years succeeded by bluff in obtaining from the United States, through State Department approval, the oil and gasoline subsequently used at Pearl Harbor and Manila, and now being used against us in the Pacific.

"Since 'J. B.' consistently, regularly and honestly exposed and warned of the dangers of feeding the Jap war machine, I do not expect that extracurricular diplomatic effort will be made to secure his release.

"We who know him realize his health is not good. We who have been in Jap prisons know that the food will not build for health. We who have been in the hands of Jap gestapo agents and police know that brutality, the kicking of ankles, the slapping of one's face, knocking your head with knuckles, the jabbing of pens and pencils under the fingernails, the pouring of water down the throat are part of Japanese tactics.

"On this side of the Pacific we are still coddling Japanese newsmen. One of the most notorious of their group is Kato, of the official *Domei* news agency. At this point, I pose the question of why *Domei* was permitted to operate in the United States, without registration? *Transocean* was found guilty. *Domei* carried out the same functions but all efforts over a period of nearly two years to have that agency investigated or forced to register, failed. I would like the State Department to answer on this score alone."

YOUNG spoke even more pointedly regarding this coddling of Jap newsmen in America in a letter to Dr. Frederick A. Middelbush, president of the University of Missouri, concerning Powell, an alumnus of Missouri, who was honored by a medal for his 25 years of interpreting and reporting the Far East to American readers. The medal was announced during Journalism Week at Missouri.

"My point," wrote Young, asking that the Missouri School of Journalism make some official investigation of the condition involving Japanese newsmen in this country, "is this, and I must be emphatic in the matter: we are coddling the Jap newsmen over here. One, a Japanese communist named Shuji Fuji, is allowed to run around California. He is not, or was not last week, interned. A Japanese newspaper, the *Nichi Bei*, publishes in San Francisco, in a prohibited military area. Two Japanese newsmen, I am informed, are allowed in New York and not under detention. This point I cannot fully confirm but the source is excellent.

"Further to my point, as to the importance and seriousness: coddling them here will not win Jap sympathy out there. If the Japs know we mean business, they will respect, or at least consider, what type of treatment they will give to our men. I have reached the point now where I demand, and I want your group, in Journalism Week, to get the attention of every Senator and Congressman from Missouri to ascertain precisely the position and the number of Jap newsmen in this country. I want every one of them removed from White Sulphur or wherever they are held in hotels, and put in a concentration camp and not one be allowed, especially the *Domei* men, to return or be exchanged unless every American correspondent is accounted for—in particular J. B. Powell and Vic Keen who are in extremely difficult circumstances.

"The general attitude which I receive to my proposals is that retaliation will result. I can answer such persons, based on personal experience: when the Japanese know we will not tolerate brutality or solitary confinement of our men, they will be more reasonable in treatment. I know that if Jap newsmen had been picked up in this country, especially Kato of *Domei*, and the *Asahi* men, while I was locked up, I would have been out about four weeks earlier.

"When James Cox, of *Reuter's*, was arrested in Japan, following my release, I sent a detailed cable to that British news agency, emphasizing that every Jap correspondent in England must be seized at once and jailed; that only by such action could Cox be released. The British did not act and James Cox was picked up with 22 camphor injections in his crushed body.

"I cannot tolerate the friendly spirit we are showing Jap newsmen, when I know of the suffering of Americans out there. Think of this: the present Jap *Domei* man at White Sulphur, named Kato, is kicking all the time because of the accommodations. He wants to play golf. I have had complaints from Japs who were interned that they did not like my insistence that they be given equal treatment. What right have they, as butchers and Axis back-stabbers, to complain?

"The food situation, and medical problem, in the occupied zones, is bad. I insist that the Jap newsmen in this country be put in jail and fed approximately what our men are receiving, and, with no radio, newspapers, conversation, writing matter or comforts."

JIMMY speaks a mouthful in regard to this situation. Neither Jimmy nor any other American would expect America to descend to the depths of the Japs at Nanking, Hong Kong, Manila or elsewhere, we're sure, nor to violate international rules for the treatment of prisoners.

But we certainly should not have to tolerate Japs running loose, or, if we detain them, to kill the fatted calf and treat them as "Honorable Guests," rather than as representatives of a race that has so stained itself it will take centuries to remove the taint—if ever!

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2].

every individual either has had considerable experience at proofreading or still does a portion of that chore in connection with his journalistic tasks.

Well, our first bad one was the duplication of bylines in the April issue. That one wasn't on us, but the printer, Brydon Taves, Melbourne manager for the *United Press*, wrote a swell article for *THE QUILL* on news handling "down under." Also, Gareth Hiebert had written an excellent piece on his experiences as a campus correspondent.

One of the letters in the Hiebert byline was broken at the edge. So a conscientious printer reset the Hiebert byline and, in putting it into the magazine, popped the new line into the Taves article. That's why Hiebert had two bylines and Taves none.

Last month we had that lively behind-the-byline article of Toby Wiant's on experiences of leading *Associated Press* correspondents on many fronts.

And darned if it didn't come out in *THE QUILL* that Larry Allen represented the *UP!* The phrase began "AP's Larry (Peanuts) Allen . . .," starting off with an initial letter. It came out "UP's Larry (Peanuts) Allen . . ., etc."

So, here's putting Larry Allen, Pulitzer prize winner, back in the *AP* fold where he belongs. Our apologies!

Apologies, too, for the slip that credited the Wisconsin chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, with initiating 10 new members when it should have been the Marquette chapter.

Maybe it's spring fever; maybe it was the vicious flu bug working on us that finally threw us for a chilling, fever-ridden week the first of June. Maybe we're just a bum proofreader. But here's hoping that typos run in threes and that we've had all we're going to have for a long spell!

ONE often wonders whether a man picks a career, whether the career picks the man or whether the whole pattern of life is more or less an accident.

H. L. Mencken, for example, reveals in his very interesting book, "Newspaper Days" (Knopf), that he had quite a time of it choosing between chemistry and journalism. He had gotten interested in chemistry through photography and in photography through the gift of a camera at Christmas.

He had a laboratory of his own and made the usual experiments with the usual results, including four or five explosions.

"If," he writes, "I had encountered a competent teacher of chemistry at the Polytechnic I'd have gone on in that science, and today be up to my ears in the vitamins, for it was synthetic chemistry that always interested me most. But the gogue told off to nurture me succeeded only in disheartening me, so I gradually edged over to letters, helped by another gogue who really knew

his stuff, and, what is more, loved it."

Mencken tried all sorts of writing—verse, short stories, feature articles, local stanzas for a minstrel company, parodies for a Democratic mass meeting, advertising copy and what not before finally settling down to becoming "A critic of ideas, and I have remained one ever since."

Maybe, had he gone on into chemistry, Mencken would today be working on a solution to the synthetic rubber problem—or might have discovered as yet undiscovered vitamins—yet what a loss to journalism and letters.

VALENTINE WILLIAMS, noted newspaper correspondent and writer of detective stories, attributed in "World of Action," his autobiography published in 1938, that it was a British artillery observation officer's mistake that helped make him a novelist.

It was during the Battle of the Somme, in 1916, that a British shell, which happily failed to explode, fell between a brother officer and Williams. The artillery observation officer had misread his map and the position the British forces had reached, so was dropping shells among his own forces.

"I went up an experienced newspaperman," wrote Williams, "and came down a budding novelist."

Shell-shocked, bruised and afflicted with nightmares, Williams—to give himself something to do and to rid his mind of the battlefield impressions which were relived in his nightmares, sat down and wrote "The Adventures of an Ensign" for *Blackwood's* magazine.

Then, needing money, he decided to write a "shocker." "The Man With the Clubfoot" was the result—one of his most successful books. Many other volumes followed.

But it was that misdirected shell, he declares, that really was responsible for the course his career took from that time forward.

Cantonment

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with a general editorializing in stories with the old, "Come on, you fellow, let's get in and show 'em, etc."; and (4) the small mimeographed papers.

The *Dispatch* falls into the No. 1 division. It is similar in many ways to a civilian newspaper. It has grown to eight columns, eight pages, 21 inches deep. The front page contains big news of the week, the news stories and pictures that are most apt to be of interest to the entire camp.

A general man-about-camp column, called "Column Left!", rests on the front page. Guess which column it runs in. The editorial page contains a weekly column by Walter Lippmann, world-famous international political columnist, who, together with the New York Tribune, Inc., has given special publishing permission to the *Dispatch*.

There is a sports page, complete with a

masthead, sport stories, photographs and cartoons. The other pages, besides harboring news stories, features, photographs and cartoons also contain the following weekly columns: *Chaplain's Column*, written by a different one of 22 chaplains on the post each week; *Church Services*, schedule of services each Sunday in the post's nine churches; *Post Office Cancellations*, popular mail column conducted by a Camp Roberts civilian postal clerk; *Camera Angles*, column for camera filiberts written by the staff photographer; and the *Safety Valve*, a letters-to-the-editor column. Two other weekly features include "Army Antics," an *NEA* cartoon block, and "A Rookie in Roberts," a cartoon strip drawn by the staff artist.

All the necessary components that cause printer's ink to flow through a newspaperman's veins can be found behind the front page of almost any large Army camp newspaper.

The original manuscript of the famous play, "Susan and God," by Rachel Crothers, has been added to the Kiler Collection in the University of Illinois School of Journalism Museum, Charles A. Kiler, Champaign business man and originator of the Collection, has announced.

Miss Crothers, a native of Bloomington, Ill., in donating the manuscript, praised the effort being made by Mr. Kiler to collect materials of historical and educational value for the School of Journalism. The collection now contains more than 50 manuscripts and original works by noted American journalists.

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All right

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